The Cities Farevvell to the PARLIAMENT.

FArewell the Parliament with hey,
Farewell the Parliament with ho,
Your deare delight the City,
Their wants have made them witty,
And a fart for the cloſe Committee,
With a hey trolly lolly lo.

Farewell my Lord of *Eſſex* with hey,
Farewell my Lord of *Eſſex* with ho,
Hee ſleeps till eleven,
And leaves the cauſe to ſix and ſeven,
But 'tis no matter, their hope's in Heaven,
With,&c.

Farewell my Lord *Wharton* with hey,
Farewell my Lord *Wharton* with ho,
While the ſawpitt did hide him,
Haſtings did out ride him,
Then came *Brooke*, and he out li'd him,
With,&c.

Farewell *Will. Strode* with hey,
Farewell *Will. Strode* with ho,
He ſwore all *Whartons* lies were true,
And it concern'd him ſo to doe,
For he was in the ſawpitt too,
With,&c.

Farewell my Lord *Brooke* with hey,
Farewell my Lord *Brooke* with ho,
Hee ſayd (but firſt hee had got him a rattle,
That but a hundred fell in battell,
Beſides dogs, whores,& ſuch Parliament cattle,
with,&c.

Farewell *Say* and *Seale* with hey,
Farewell *Say* and *Seale* with ho,
And thoſe valiant ſonns of *Aymon*,
May they hang as high as *Hamon*,
With the old Anabaptiſt they came on,
With,&c.

Farewell *Kimbolton* with hey,
Farewell *Kimbolton* with ho,
Thy Father writ a godly booke,
Yet all was fiſh that came to his hooke,
Sure he is damn'd though but for his looke,
With,&c.

Farewell *Kimbolton* with hey,
Farewell *Kimbolton* with ho,
Thy houſe had beene confounded,
In vaine he had compounded,
If he had not got a Roundhead,
With,&c.

Farewell Maſter *Hollis* with hey,
Fare well Maſter *Hollis* with ho,
'Twas his ambition or his need,
Not his religion, did the deed,
But his widow has ta'ne him off his ſpeed,
With,&c.

Farewell Maſter *Hampden* with hey,
Farewell Maſter *Hampden* with ho,
He's a ſly and ſubtile Fox,
Well read in *Buchanan*, and *Knox*,
And is now gone downe to goad on th'Oxe,
With,&c.

Farewell John *Pym* with hey,
Farewell John *Pym* with ho,
He would have had a place in Court,
And ventur'd all his party for't,
But bribing prov'd his beſt ſupport,
With,&c.

Fare

Farewell *John Pym* with hey,
Farewell *John Pym* with ho,
For all the fain'd diſaſter,
Of the taylor and the plaiſter,
Thou ſhalt not be our Maiſter,
With, &c.

Farewell good Madam *Carlile* with hey
Farewell good Madam *Carlile* with ho,
The Legiſlative Lady,
Who now makes *Pym* her baby,
Once fooled the Lord *Rab*,
With, &c.

Farewell Major *Skippon* with hey,
Farewell Major *Skippon* with ho,
Ye have ordered him to kill and ſlay,
To reſcue the king and bring him away,
Provided you Vote faire weather, and pay,
With, &c.

Farewell all our Worthies with hey,
Farewell all our Worthies with ho,
For they inſteed of dying,
Maintaine the truth by lying,
And get victories by flying,
With, &c.

Farewell our Scottiſh brethren with hey,
Farewell our Scottiſh brethren with ho,
They'le march but to their border,
And will be brought no further,
For Vote, Ordinance, or Order,
With, &c.

Farwell my little Levites with hey,
Farewell my little Levites with ho,
Let God looke too't, or Maſter *Caſe*,
Shall tell him his owne in due time and place.
And call him a Cavalier to his face,
With, &c.

Faire

Fare well my little Levites with hey
Fare well my little Levites with ho,
For though you ſeeme to feare him,
You can ſcarce forbeare him,
And when you thanke him, you but jeere him,
With, &c.

Farewell feares and jealouſies with hey,
Farewell feares and jealouſies with ho,
Which with lying Declarations,
Tumults, Pikes, and Proteſtations,
Have beene the ruine of two nations
With, &c.

Ferewell little *Iſaack* with hey,
Farewell little *Iſaack* with ho,
Thou haſt made us all like aſſes,
Part with our Plate, and drinke in Glaſſes,
Whil'ſt thou grow'ſt rich by twelve penny-Paſſes,
With, &c.

Farewell Plate and Money with hey,
Farewell Plate and Money with ho,
'Tis going downe by water,
Or ſome thing neere the matter,
And Publike faith is going after,
With, &c.

Farewell Members five with hey,
Farewell Members five with ho,
Next Petition we deliver,
Sends yee packing downe the river,
And there the *Devill* be your driver,
With, &c.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *M. P.*